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L'EXPOSITION

UNIVERSELLE

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PARIS, 1889

THE CHEFS-D'ŒUVRE

EDITION DE LUXE

LIVRAISON THREE

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of the most important names in the North German schools are missing, and others—as that of Menzel—inadequately represented. Fortunately, a number of the best endowed painters of the Fatherland have had the courage, or the enterprise, to send their works to this world's fair, and among them are Uhde—the best liked of them all by the Parisians—Wilhelm Lindenschmit, those capable painters of genre, Gotthardt Kuehl, Wilhelm Leibl, Max Liebermann, Claus Meyer, Franz Skarbina, the animal painter Paul Meyerheim, and some others. In this gallery the smaller canvases are generally the better ones—which is also true in the neighboring Italian ones, though not altogether so in the Spanish. One of the very best of these easel pictures in the German display is Claus Meyers's interior, officially catalogued as "The Smoker," though in the Berlin Academy exhibition of 1883, where it was first exposed, it was called simply "Holland Interior." The very good wood-cut which we give of it will serve to indicate the simple composition and the rendering of light which is one of its greatest merits. Indeed, the *Zeitschrift für bildende Kunste*, which is the Berlin authority in matters of art, said of it: "Claus Meyers's 'Holland Interior' is a cabinet-piece which would almost hold its own if hung near a Van der Meer of Delft. Unusually simple and correct in drawing, broad in the brush-handling and strong and plastic in the modelling, fine in tone and in the rendering of the atmosphere filled with tobacco-smoke through which struggles the light streaming in from without—this picture was a pearl in the exhibition."

FRENCH SECTION.] MADAME RÉCAMIER. FROM THE PAINTING BY BARON F. P. S. GERARD.

The painter is of Munich, and in the great International Exhibition held in that city in 1883 he was represented by one of those technically difficult studies of white-capped sewing-women in a well-lighted interior which figure among the triumphs of the modern schools of painting. His other two pictures in the Exposition, "The Mysterious Tale" and "The Married Couple," show similar good qualities in the rendering of not dissimilar themes.

A FEW examples of the fine old-fashioned melodramatic romantic pictures are to be found in the Retrospective Exhibition of the French department, and among them, one of the largest and best, is Blanc's "Deliverance" or "Roger and Angelica." The artist, not so well known now as he once was, was born in Paris in 1846, christened Paul-Joseph, was a pupil of Bin and Cabanel, and received medals in 1867, 1870 and 1872. At the Salon of 1872 he exhibited "The Abduction of the Palladium;" at that of 1873 "The Invasion," a scene from Virgil; at that of 1876, "The Deliverance" and "The Vow of Clovis at the Battle of Tolbiac—The Baptism of Clovis;" at that of 1878, "The Wife of a Brigand." His "Perseus," (1870), mounting in the air on a white winged horse very similar to that backed by Roger in the present scene, was formerly in the Luxembourg. As will be seen, his themes were not those generally affected by the latest painters of the French school.

The heroine of this handsome scene is that Angelica, Queen of Cathay, an infidel princess, of exquisite beauty, who first appears in Boiardo's "Orlando Innamorato." The Christians are shut up in Paris, besieged by two hosts of Paynims, one from Spain and one, which had landed in the south of France, from Africa, when this beautiful Discord makes her appearance among them, having come from farthest Asia to sow dissension. Most of the champions fall helplessly in love with her, and among them, Roland or Orlando, whose passion extends not only through this book but through Ariosto's continuation, "Orlando Furioso." In the latter, however, Angelica has the weakness to become enamored herself of an obscure youthful squire named Medoro, and Orlando goes quite mad with jealousy and indignation. In the course of the princess's adventures she finds herself chained naked to a rock, to be devoured by a sea-monster, very much like Andromeda, and she is rescued by a wandering knight-errant, one Roger, who happens to come sailing by in the air on a hippogriff. This picturesque deliverance has been frequently represented in art—by Ingres's celebrated picture, by the large composition by Théobald Chartran, shown at the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876, by a very spirited statuette by Barye, etc. The poem further records that after they had landed in a place of safety, Roger—who was but a loutish knight, after all—offered violence to Angelica and she escaped from him by rendering herself invisible by means of her magic ring. Even Milton sings of her:

> The fairest of her sex, Angelica,
> . . . sought by many prowest knights,
> Both Paynim and the peers of Charlemain.

FRENCH SECTION.]

MOZART. FROM THE SCULPTURE BY E. BARRIAS

[FRENCH SECTION.

LULLI IN HIS YOUTH. FROM THE SCULPTURE BY ADRIEN GAUDEZ.

JUDITH

FROM THE PAINTING BY

J. C. CAZIN

FRENCH SECTION.
TROGLODYTES GORILLA. FROM THE SCULPTURE BY E. FREMIET.

VERY different is the legend which M. MERSON has illustrated in his "SAINT ISIDOR," also reproduced by a wood engraving. This time it is an affair of the Church, and no romancing tale by profane poets. St. Isidor lived about A. D. 1130, and was canonized by Pope Gregory XV., in 1622; his life was written in 1261, and was an amplification and continuation of an earlier biography. A further addition was made in 1275; these supplements being chiefly accounts of miracles wrought at the tomb of the saint, or by his intercession. His fête day is May 15th, and is still kept in state in Madrid by processions in the streets, with military bands, crosses and lights, while banners are waved, tapestries hung out, bells rung, and chants intoned by the clergy. The Church has found models and exemplars for her votaries in the humblest stations of life, and has enrolled in her sacred calendar, along with prelates, kings, learned doctors and martyrs, the servant girl, Veronica of Milan, the shepherd Wendelin, the beggar Cuthman, and the plowman Isidor.

The latter was a day laborer or farm-hand in the employment of a gentleman of Madrid, and worked on his employer's estate outside the capital. He was an industrious and faithful servant, and yet was accused by his fellows to his master of going to work late each morning because of the time he took to attend early mass in a church in Madrid. Upon being charged with this, Isidor answered: "Sir, it may be true that I am later at my work than some of the other laborers, but I do my utmost to make up for the few minutes snatched for prayer. I pray you compare my work with theirs, and if you find I have defrauded you in the least, gladly will I make amends by paying you out of my private store." The master, somewhat abashed, said no more, but resolved to watch for himself, and see how many of his precious minutes were stolen for these early devotions. So one morning, almost before it was light, he rose, and concealing himself, saw the plowman go to church and return to his work certainly somewhat later than the others. As he advanced to upbraid him for this delay, his steps were suddenly arrested by a strange sight. "In the field was a second plow, drawn by white oxen, urged on by an angel. He saw it in the slant rays of the rising sun through the thin vapors rising from the dewy soil. Up the field and then down again went the strange team, cutting a clean furrow and cutting it rapidly. Then the gentleman ran towards the field, but as he opened the gate the vision disappeared, and he saw Isidor bowed upon his plow, and his little son running by the head of the red oxen."

This is the official account; but the painter has wisely simplified the situation to suit his pictorial purposes. Instead of going to church, the laborer leaves his plow to pray, and while thus employed

the friendly angel takes charge of the team and drives them along the straight furrow. In the distance the dazed master watches this strange scene, and when, recovering from his surprise, he advances and demands of his servant who was his assistant, the latter, surprised, will answer as he did in the legend, "Sir, I work alone and know of none save God to whom I look for strength."

Another incident related of this devout but somewhat impractical laborer is that, going to mill one winter day with a sack full of his wife's gleanings to be ground, he saw a number of wood-pigeons sitting disconsolately on a tree and fluttering over the snowy ground in the vain search for food. Whereupon he opened his sack and scattered a double handful of the precious grain to the birds. His wife, Mary, was also pious and virtuous, and loved to accompany her husband to churches and on pilgrimages. Finally, he died, at the age of forty, reverenced and beloved by all the neighborhood, and was buried in the cemetery of Saint André, his favorite church, but his body was soon afterwards removed into the sacred edifice, on which occasion all the bells in the tower fell to ringing, untouched by human hands.

This painting is from the Museum of Rouen, and was first shown in the Salon of 1879. M. Merson only exhibits two other canvases, "L'Amour au Jugement de Pâris" and "Le Loup d'Agubbio," the latter in the Retrospective Exhibition. The former represents the malicious little love-god standing alone on the site of the famous trial of beauty, the shepherd and the three goddesses having gone off and the latter having left their various emblems and attributes strewn around. "The Wolf of Agubbio" was converted from the error of his ways in the days when such things were still possible, and is seen in the streets of the little village, duly wearing his halo, and waiting peacefully for his daily ration from the butcher. M. Merson's name will probably appear again later in this work.

IN a corner of one of the upper galleries devoted to the Retrospective Exhibition hang the two charming reliefs in wax by CLODION, illustrated by our wood engravings. Carefully preserved under glass, the frail material has lasted with some unimportant losses through the years to see the modeller's fame

FRENCH SECTION.]

TURKISH BOYS LEAVING SCHOOL. FROM THE PAINTING BY A. G. DECAMPS.

ON THE MARNE

FROM THE PAINTING BY

J. C. CAZIN

sink and rise again. "*Le père des pendules*," "The sculptor of the mannered graces," as he has been irreverently termed at home and abroad, lived in fame and died in poverty; for fifty years thereafter his works would not sell at all, and now the smallest will bring thousands of francs and the largest, thousands of pounds. The revived interest in the tastes of the eighteenth century—with which the brothers Goncourt have had much to do—and a general enlightenment and toleration in the public mind, have brought about this change of opinion of which, it is to be hoped, the sculptor's shade is able in some way to take cognizance. Certainly, it would be difficult to imagine any modelling lighter, more graceful or more distinguished than these spirited BACCHANAL SCENES in which those familiar personages, the Fauns and the Nymphs, once more disport themselves for our amusement, though apparently entirely for their own. The technical skill of the execution equals the style of the design, the different planes of the composition are most carefully kept, and the modelling of the details is quite admirable. The color of the figures is generally a light reddish brown—probably darkened by time—and that of the background or field, a very dark blue. These reliefs were sold at the great San Donato sale in 1879, and the only other work of the sculptor in the Exposition is a cast of a bacchante carrying on her shoulder a little satyr.

Claude Michel, called Clodion, came of a family of sculptors, all of whom enjoyed prosperity and lived to see it slip away from them. His father, Thomas Michel, was first a cook and then a sculptor, and was employed for a number of years by Frederick the Great. Clodion was the youngest child of ten, and was born in 1738, at Nancy. Three of his brothers, Sigisbert, Michel and Pierre were sculptors, their maternal uncle, Lambert-Sigisbert Adam, was Clodion's first preceptor, and his brothers, Nicholas-Sebastien and François-Gaspard, were also sculptors. So was their father, Jacob-Sigisbert, their grandfather, Lambert, and their great-grandfather, Claude, contemporary of Bernini. The three brothers Adam were all *prix de Rome*, as was Clodion; he married a daughter of Pajou, the sculptor, twenty-two years younger than himself, was divorced from her during the Revolution, and left no issue save an illegitimate daughter, the last of whose descendants died four or five years ago in extreme poverty.

MINERVA AND TRUTH. DESIGN BY L. O. MERSON.

THE work of CAZIN is one of the latest treasures of the French school of painting—a treasure that has been added at a time when it seemed most needed to counteract certain tendencies towards poverty of spirit. Before the works of this artist the most zealous disciple of the materialists suspends for the moment his proselyting,—the utmost he can do, as he turns away, is to suggest that the painter has but one method. This is as true as it is of most the other great ones, impressionists, Academicians and *peintres de poésie*. Elie Delaunay is perhaps one of the most versatile, as he is one of the most distinguished. The similarity of Cazin's compositions is generally a superficial one, and in his large decorative paintings he is rather more like a subdued Besnard than he is like himself. The esteem in which he is held by the Parisian critics is as honorable to them as to him; their efforts to translate into language the subtle character of his inspiration are sometimes worthy of perpetuation. His pastels "render well the twilight mists, the mystery of distances, the charm of undetermined hours, all that appeals to this original personality and captivates it." His water-colors "are imprinted with an exquisite charm, with that poetry which he knows how to diffuse through all his compositions, whether it is the melancholy *Hiver* or *l'Eté*

FRENCH SECTION.]
THE BAY OF THE HERONS, LAKE OF THE FOUR CANTONS. FROM THE PAINTING BY P. ROBINET.

enveloped with caressing effluences, whether it is the *Nuit bleue*, which recalls our dreams and our tender avowals, or the *Nuit grise*, extended over the immensity of the plains and which gives so profound a sensation of solitude. I find him again, as I have always found him, delicate and distinguished, a most moving interpreter of nature."

"And Cazin, he also, [like Puvis de Chavannes] has been attentive to the obscure language, to the inexpressible music of things. Around the dunes, the sandy lands, the gray broken stones of the North, he has perceived the plaintive accords which prolonged themselves in the twilights. From sordines in minor key there seemed to pass through the falling night, under the ashy lights, the long drawn out accents of a peasant melopœia; a sorrowful voluptuousness floated along the earth, on the undulations of the herbage, in the soft humidity of the flat countries. The tremulous hour in which appearances transform themselves into phantoms, the mild suffering, the fainting away of beings in an atmosphere of forgetfulness, a gray building isolated on the dune and almost strange in aspect, a softness of light which seems to caress the pale barrenness, or over the little town the light march of the night—all this has been experienced by an artist enamored of the disquieting mystery of forms. In truth, this dolorous charm we have felt before his canvases, and yet his work leaves us somewhat disquieted, for it does not always give the impression of completeness. Certain drynesses of manipulation, certain naïvetés which may be deceitful, serve to put us on our guard against a skilful tricking us out of our emotions. More than one intention is only half realized, more than one thing desired escapes us. One might say sometimes that it was the whispering of a woman, a veiled shape that seemed to make a gesture of calling and then melt into the night. It might be feared that Cazin does not deem Nature, in herself, sufficiently poetic, and that he adds a little bit of romance."

As it will be seen, it is difficult to express exactly the charm and the character of his works; the things of the imagination are not to be weighed and measured. In all his numerous exhibits at the Exposition this distinguishing quality was strikingly manifest, and in the large "Ismaël" of the Luxembourg which was also catalogued. The titles of his canvases matter but little, his Biblical subjects are no stranger, no better than his modern bathers in "La Marne." And, as will be seen from our photogravure reproduction, he sometimes renders these Scriptural themes with modern details; the little walled

FLIGHT OF THE KING GRADLON

FROM THE PAINTING BY

É. V. LUMINAIS

town from which "Judith" takes her departure for the camp of Holofernes was studied from an old one in Brittany, the costumes make but little pretense of following the text of the book of the Apocrypha.

She had "anointed herself with precious ointment, and braided the hair of her head, and put on a tire upon it, and put on her garments of gladness, wherewith she was clad during the life of Manasses her husband. And she took sandals upon her feet, and put about her her bracelets, and her chains, and her rings, and all her ornaments, and decked herself bravely, to allure the eyes of all men that should see her. . .

"Thus they went forth to the gate of the city of Bethulia, and found standing there Ozias, and the ancients of the city, Chabris and Charmis.

"And when they saw her, that her countenance was altered, and her apparel was changed, they wondered at her beauty very greatly, and said unto her,

"The God, the God of our fathers, give thee favour, and accomplish thine enterprizes to the glory of the children of Israel, and to the exaltation of Jerusalem. Then they worshipped God.

"And she said unto them, Command the gates of the city to be opened unto me, that I may go forth to accomplish the things whereof ye have spoken with me. So they commanded the young men to open unto her, as she had spoken.

"And when they had done so, Judith went out, she, and her maid with her; and the men of the city looked after her, until she was gone down the mountain, and till she had passed the valley, and could see her no more."

Her bracelets and her chains and all her ornaments, Ozias and the ancients of the city, are all omitted in the painter's narration—instead he has rendered "a peasant melopœia" which is good enough to be taken by itself. The important things, however, are all preserved, a gray, troublous atmosphere, an elevation of sentiment in the composition which may be felt if not comprehended, a fortified place with the signs of death and siege around it, and a striking figure of a woman who goes forth from its gates for some purpose which may be fatal but which seems great. This is to paint good pictures, if not literal ones.

FRENCH SECTION]

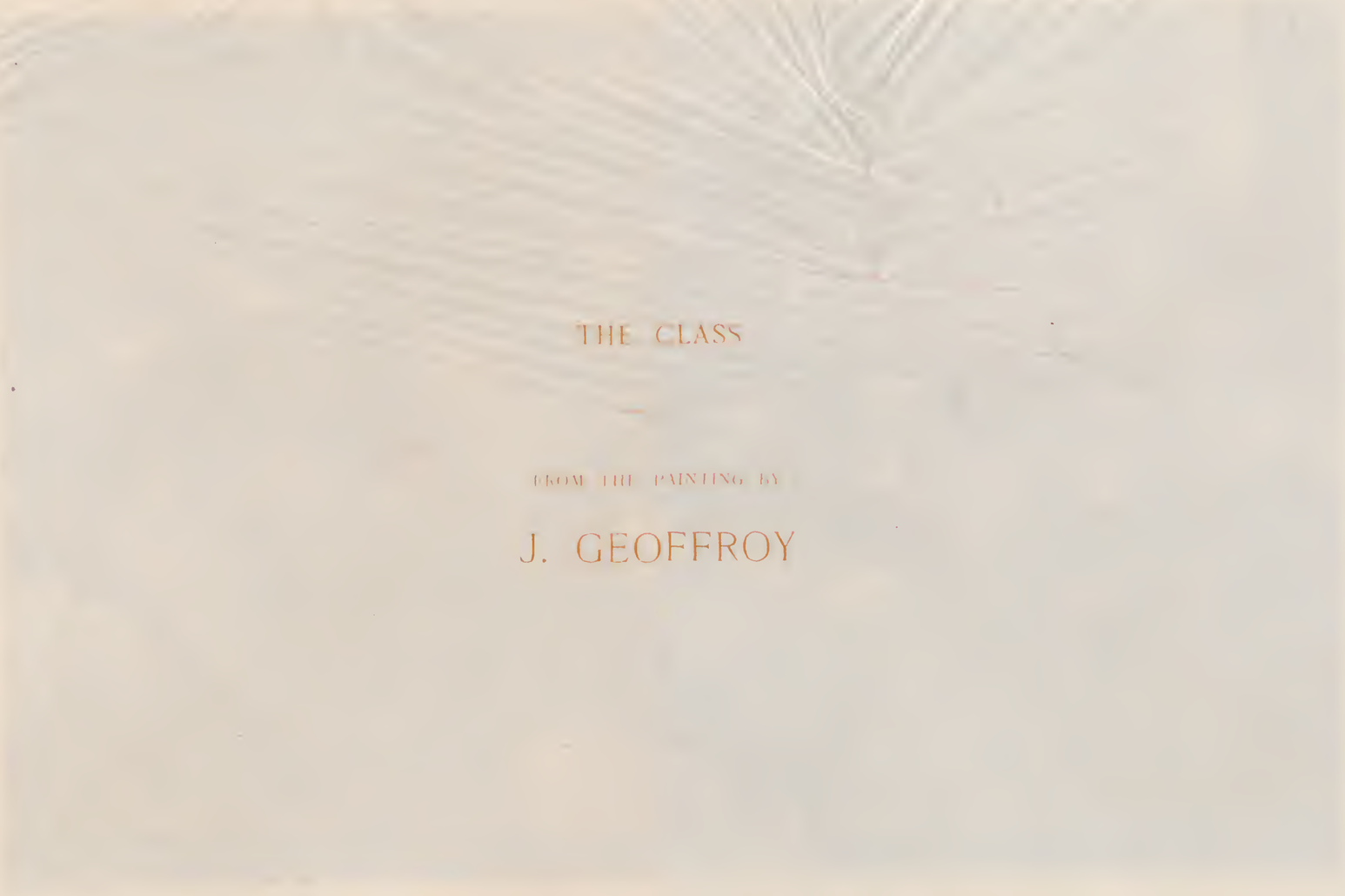
DANTE AND VIRGIL IN HELL. FROM THE PAINTING BY G. COURTOIS.

THE fate of the city of Is is recorded in a fine old Breton legend which with some variations has come down to our day, and which has afforded M. Luminais subject for the important canvas which figured at the Exposition and of which he has made one or two replicas. Is was given over to depravity, it appears; every form of luxury and debauchery held carnival there, the most saintly personages in vain endeavored to turn the inhabitants to righteousness. The deafest of all to their preaching was the princess Dahut, the daughter of the king Gradlon, or Gralon; so very wicked was she that her lover was no man but a fiend, specially sent up from below to work her ruin. To this handsome tempter she hearkened, and he persuaded her to steal into her father's bed-chamber at dead of night and take from beside his pillow the keys which locked the sluice-gates and shut out the ocean-tide. Barefooted, Dahut

FRENCH SECTION.]

THE BAYADÈRE. FROM THE PAINTING BY G. COURTOIS.

accomplished this larceny and the sleeping city was aroused by the mounting flood which threatened all with destruction. Indeed all were drowned without hope, excepting only the old king, who had succeeded in getting to horse with his daughter behind him, and Saint Gwénolé, one of the missionaries. But as they raced towards the high ground inland, with the water already up to the horses' knees, the saint



THE CLASS

FROM THE PAINTING BY

J. GEOFFROY

FRENCH SECTION]

EVENING. FROM THE PAINTING BY THÉODORE ROUSSEAU.

turned to the monarch and assured him that there was no hope for either of them unless he thrust away from him "the demon which he carried on his crupper." Whereupon the father reined in his steed and pushed his daughter from her seat, so that she perished miserably, near the place that is now called Poul-Dahut. Immediately the tempest ceased, the sky cleared, the saint and the king reached dry land, but the waters of the bay of Douarnenez roll forever over the city of Is.

In the pretty operetta by MM. Blau and Lalo, "Le Roi d'Ys," in which the latter succeeded in convincing the difficult Parisians that he was a composer worthy of their favor, the legend has been greatly modified, but scarcely improved. According to M. Blau's libretto, the king had two daughters, of which the wicked one was Margared and the good one, Rozen the blonde. Both were in love with the handsome warrior Mylio, but Margared had consented to espouse the prince Karnac, who at this period was besieging the city, in order to bring the war to a close. When it came to the point of going to the altar with him, however, her courage failed her and on her positive refusal the indignant prince assailed the town with fresh fury. Rozen attempted to induce her sister to redeem her vows; the latter, wild with jealousy, assailed her with a torrent of maledictions; Mylio puts Karnac to route and Margared joins the vanquished prince on the desolated lands near the tomb of Saint Corentin, patron of the ancient Armorica. In her rage and despair, she proposes to drown the triumphant and rejoicing city by opening the locks in the dyke which protects it from the ocean, and, in effect, this is accomplished, despite the angelic choruses which exhort the conspirators to forbear and the threats of Saint Corentin himself, who appears in the doorway of his tomb. From the perishing city the king, Mylio and Rozen alone succeeded in escaping to the rocks which bounded the flood. Margared, filled with remorse at seeing this overwhelming disaster, throws herself into the mounting deluge, Saint Corentin appears in the clouds and causes the ocean to become peaceful once more, and the curtain falls on this somewhat unsatisfactory triumph of virtue.

M. Luminais, *Hors Concours* in the Exposition, has relieved against the wide, tumultuous greenish sea of his composition, the warm tones of his riders and their horses, browns, reds and cream color, and has given to his group a spirit and action which translate well enough the fire of the old legend.

M. JEAN GEOFFROY is a painter of another kind—he has two themes, children and misery. His exhibit in the Exposition was about equally divided between these two—four of the former and three of the latter. Two of the latter, however, "Les Infortunés" of the Luxembourg and "Les Affamés" of the Museum of Trieste, were only catalogued but not actually exposed. "Le Collier de Misère" from the Salon of 1888, and now the property of the Museum of Cambrai, was hung on the walls, and was one of the few truly affecting renderings of poverty in the whole show. Whether it is worth while to portray in this apparently aimless manner this seamy side of life is an open question—when the result is simply unpleasant, as it generally is in paintings-in-oil, it would seem to be unnecessary. M. Geoffroy's works are not much better than any other well-painted ones of their kind and are generally, consequently, to be reckoned among those that might possibly be spared—in this latter, however, he has contrived to justify himself. His subject is of the simplest and commonest, his actors are not those to whom Christian sympathy is most apt to go out. Two descendants of that ancient race that has outlived so much persecution, father and son, drag a hopeless little cart containing their worldly goods up a long hill in some poverty-stricken suburb. A dreary, chilly gray sky lowers over them; the last degree of moneylessness is stamped on their clothes, their countenances, their equipage. The shock-headed boy throws himself forward in the traces to pull, the commonplace, twine-bearded, red-eyed father lifts his head hopelessly. The completeness of this hopelessness is the strong subject-matter of the picture—the spectator looks at it with a chill of dismay. In none of his other works has the painter risen to this height or lowered his auditors to such a depth,—a genuine, tragic human emotion disengages itself from the sordid, realistic little scene.

FRENCH SECTION.]

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH. FROM THE PAINTING BY F. E. EHRMANN.

The pictures of children are amusing, interesting and generally well conceived, but the infants—somewhat like Lobrichon's—are apt to be a little conventional and to have a strong family likeness among themselves. The painting selected for reproduction by photogravure in this work is much better in this respect than most of the others and is, moreover, the painter's latest work and one of his largest. The official title is "In Class; the Labors of the Little Ones," but the sub-title, which best explains the situation, is "An Idea." Where the idea is, is obvious to the dullest observer—in the head of the small workman in the foreground who is

FRENCH SECTION.]

THE PRODIGAL'S DEPARTURE. FROM THE PAINTING BY TISSOT.

precipitating himself upon his writing-paper, heedless of the close observation of his next-door neighbor who, without any ideas of his own, is quite willing to appropriate those of other people. Around them are various other students, all apparently more or less embarrassed in the collecting of their thoughts, and in the background the comely school-mistress comes to the rescue of one of the most helpless. The subject of the composition is ingenious and amusing, the studies of the various types of children better than usual with the artist, the color pleasant and intelligently varied and the painting judicious and not too thin.

M. Geoffroy's pictures are so popular and so much reproduced in illustrations and photographs that all the others that figured in his list at the Exposition are pretty well known. There was "l'Heure de Goûter" from the Salon of 1882,—luncheon-time in the courtyard of the school, and the greedy little boy on the bench who refuses to share his repast with the small comrade in a blouse. There was "l'Heure de la Rentrée," from the Salon of 1883, a throng of very little ones, creeping unwillingly to school, and "La Sortie de Classe," Salon of 1888, in which they come out much more cheerfully. French children seem to have certain qualities which distinguish them from Anglo-Saxon ones, and which are more or less faithfully reproduced by their painters—a certain *douceur* which, with their clearness of complexion, they probably get from their mothers, which renders it impossible to distinguish the little boys from the little girls—except for experts in such matters, and which, in the case of the older boys, seems to render them somewhat un-boyish. The charm of many of these little ones is felt by every traveller—their dark eyes, smooth cheeks and the small seriousness of their regards, their addiction to polysyllables and comparatively elegant language and the general absence of those uproarious qualities which render the children of his own land so frequently a burden.

M. Geoffroy was born at Marennes (Charente-Inférieure), was a pupil of Levasseur and Eugène Adan, received a medal of the third class in 1883, one of the second in 1886, and a medal of bronze at the Exposition for his "En Classe—le travail des petits."

ONE of the most notable pieces of painting of flesh in the Exposition was M. Gabriel Ferrier's "Salammbo," one of the few paintings of the nude that have achieved the distinction of being removed from a Salon exhibition because of its nudity. This penalty was visited upon this canvas in 1880, after it had been hung upon the walls, by M. Turquet then under-secretary for the Fine Arts, though as he left undisturbed several

FRENCH SECTION.]

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN. FROM THE PAINTING BY TISSOT.

other works far more reprehensible and much less admirable in technical qualities, his action seems to have been as unreasonable as these over-zealous ones generally are. The painter, who was not then thirty years old, found compensation in the removal of his work to the galleries of Goupil, where it was visited and admired by a multitude. This Salon was noticeable for other reasons; the total number of exhibits, in all the sections, painting, sculpture, engraving, architecture and decoration, reached the enormous figure of 7289, the largest number ever exhibited. The following year MM. Turquet and Antonin Proust resigned their functions into the hands of the associated French artists, and the "Salon Libre" was inaugurated with only 2500 paintings chosen out of 15,410 that were sent in. Several works of importance were exhibited for the first time at this Salon of 1880, some of which figured at the Exposition and will appear in this publication, Bastien-Lepage's "Joan of Arc," Luminais's "Enervés de Jumièges," Aimé Morot's "Good Samaritan," etc.

M. Ferrier's "Salammbo" is probably the best work of art of the several that have been inspired by the python scene in Flaubert's famous Carthagenian romance. The painter has not chosen to follow the narrative very closely—in fact, it was probably his wide departure from the spirit of the mysterious ceremony that evoked M. Turquet's disapproval. By the counsel of the aged Schahabarim, high-priest of Tanit or Astarte, she passes through this ordeal to fit herself for a very dangerous embassy to the camp of the barbarian and revolted mercenaries then besieging Carthage. The great black serpent was carefully guarded in the temple, he was "for the Carthagenians a fetish at once national and particular. He was believed to be the offspring of the slime of the earth, since he emerged from its depths and had no need of feet to traverse it; his progress recalled the undulation of the waters, his temperature the ancient and viscous darknesses, full of fecundity, and the orbit which he made in biting his tail, the unity of the planets, the intelligence of Æschmôun." Disrobing herself, and accompanied only by her aged attendant, Salammbo enters the court of the python; a strange music, from two or three instruments, vibrates from behind the hangings.

"The horror of the cold, or a shame perhaps, at first made her hesitate. But she recalled the commands of Schahabarim and advanced; the python lowered himself and placing the middle of his body around the nape of her neck he allowed his head and his tail to hang down on each side, like a broken collar, the two ends of which trailed to the earth. Salammbo rolled him around her hips, under her arms, between her knees; then, taking him by the jaw, she approached the little triangular mouth to her own

VENICE

FROM THE PAINTING BY

M. RICO